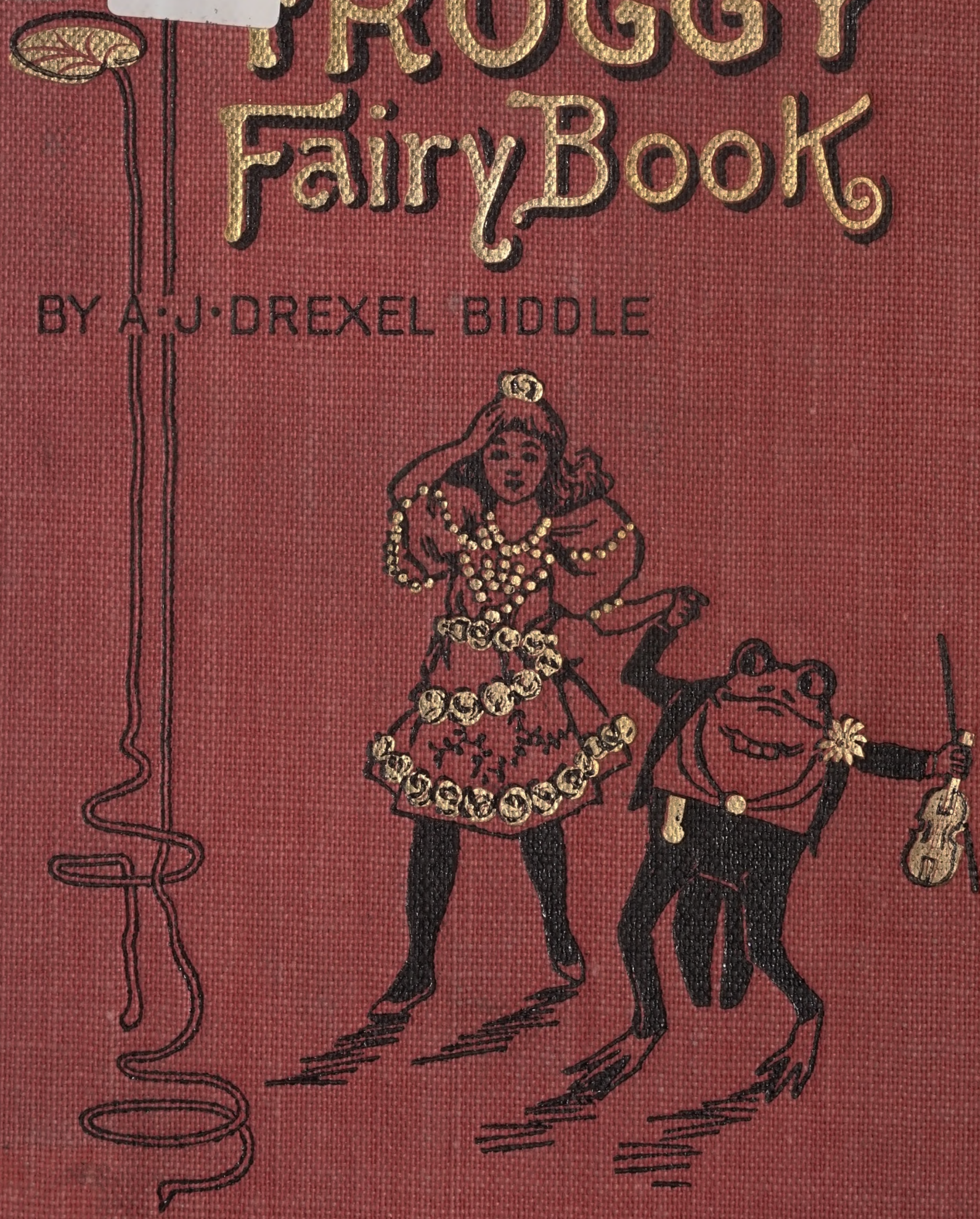


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THE FROGGY Fairy Book

BY A·J·DREXEL BIDDLE



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"Mr. Biddle is now engaged in writing a work to be entitled 'The Froggy Fairy Book,' for children. The book will be ready by the Christmas holidays, and promises to prove of more than ordinary interest to juvenile readers."—*The Fourth Estate, New York, October 8, 1896.*

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"'The Froggy Fairy Book' is narrated in a simple yet interesting form."—*The Baltimore American, October 17, 1896.*

"'The Froggy Fairy Book' is cleverly constituted."—*Every Saturday, Elgin, Ill., October 17, 1896.*

"'The Froggy Fairy Book' is Mr. Biddle's Christmas book for this year."—*The Times-Herald, Chicago, Ill., October 17, 1896.*

THE
FROGGY FAIRY BOOK

BY
ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE,

Author of "A Dual Role and Other Stories," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED
BY
JOHN R. SKEEN.



54163-B²-1

DREXEL-BIDDLE & BRADLEY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
905 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

1896.

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ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE.

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To one whose influence, like some radiant star,
Brings Heaven's holy beauty from afar:
My life, my all—my Wife. To ever be
My guide throughout the long eternity.

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The Froggy Fairy Book

LITTLE ELSIE had been playing in Uncle Tom's big woods: they were the nicest, biggest woods you ever saw.

When she came home her pretty, pink dress was soiled and torn, and she was a little bit frightened: Mama had told her to keep everything nice and clean, as Papa would be home from town earlier than usual that afternoon.

Elsie felt that Mama should not have dressed her so early, but Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary had been over to lunch, and Mama liked her little girl to have on a pretty dress whenever company came.

Of course, Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary didn't care; at least Elsie didn't see why they should. But Mama said that company noticed everything, and Elsie supposed they must, for she remembered that Aunt Mary caught her slipping a cake into her pocket at lunch, though Mama hadn't noticed it. And Aunt Mary had also remarked how hard it was to keep the children's dresses from getting torn—Elsie *had* torn her dress, *just a little*, before lunch.

Elsie didn't like Aunt Mary: she was always scolding and ordering everybody. Uncle Tom was lovely, and he was very good to Elsie.

After lunch Mama and Aunt Mary had gone up-stairs to try on some dresses, and Elsie had asked Uncle Tom if he wouldn't take her down to his big woods again.

Uncle Tom said he would, and, after calling up to Mama that they should not be back for some time, away they went. It was a glorious afternoon, and Uncle Tom was great fun.

Elsie's chief delight, of late, had been to go to Uncle Tom's woods. Afar in the middle of the woods there was a jolly little brook of clear, babbling water. It was here that Elsie loved to wander, and to startle the many frogs that lived along the banks, and which, at her approach, would hop away into the water.

Uncle Tom told Elsie a story about a big stork, which ate naughty little froggies that stayed out late and didn't come home when their Mamas told them to.

And he told her about a little boy who used to shoot froggies with stones from a sling-shot. Elsie could hardly believe Uncle Tom when he told her that one of the big Papa frogs called out to the little boy: "What's fun for you is death to us." But she was glad when Uncle Tom told her that the little boy was so frightened, when

he heard the frog calling to him, that he dropped his sling-shot, ran all the way home, and never shot frogs again.

Uncle Tom said that frogs would jump at a little piece of red flannel tied to a string, if it was dangled in the water. But Elsie didn't have any red flannel, neither had Uncle Tom any string, so—to make Elsie happy—he said they should “bring some along with them next time.”

Mama didn't scold Elsie because she had gotten her dress torn and dirty. She said: “Children must play; and I really should have changed Elsie's dress before she went to the woods.”

Papa came home, and Elsie told him all about the frogs down in the brook. Papa said that every evening when the sun had gone behind the trees, and the woods were quite still, little fairies and gnomes came out from hiding places and danced about on the soft, green moss.

Mama said, whenever there was a full moon, the fairies gave balls and tea parties. Papa said that it was then the great frog orchestra assembled upon the cluster of lily pads in the stream—each froggy having his own lily pad, as *among us* each musician has his chair.

After supper Mama read fairy stories to Elsie. The story Elsie liked best was about the little

girl who lost her ball in the stream, and while crying for her plaything, which she deemed beyond recovery—for the ball on falling into the water sank from view—a wave rippled up to her feet, and from it hopped a large, green frog which held the missing treasure in its mouth.

Immediately, on dropping the ball at the feet of its owner, Mister Froggy plunged back into the water with a jolly little gurgle. He shortly reappeared with a bright, gold ring in his mouth, which he also dropped at the feet of the little girl, telling her to take it home and keep it, for he would come some day and marry her. And, when the little girl had grown into a beautiful young lady, Froggy did come to her. Though she was very frightened, she promised to marry him and gave him back the gold ring; whereupon Froggy changed into a tall, handsome Prince, and then led his happy bride home to a grand castle which was all his own.

As Mama finished reading this story she looked up at her little girl, who had begun to doze off into dreamland.

What a time it was getting Elsie to bed! She was so sleepy; but she cried because Mama wouldn't let her go down to see the froggy orchestra which Papa had told her about. Elsie did *so* want to go, and for some time she lay in



Out of the night stepped the funniest froggy
you ever saw.

bed tossing about, and crying as though her little heart would break.

But suddenly she heard a tapping at the window. She grew very frightened, for the room was dark; she tried to scream but couldn't, and all the time the little tap, tap on the window-pane continued.

Then, at last, she ventured to peep over the covers in the direction of the noise; and as she looked, the window was slowly raised and out of the night stepped the funniest Froggy you ever saw. In the first place he carried a lantern, and Elsie laughed in spite of herself for he wore a real little dress-suit, and under one arm he held a tiny fiddle.

He seemed to be endeavoring to bring something into the room with him—something very heavy or very cumbersome—for, having set his lantern and his fiddle upon the window-sill, he leaned out of the window, and tugged and pulled away “for dear life.”

It did look too funny, and Elsie laughed aloud. Just then the frog arose with a terrific effort, and, staggering backwards, he dragged after him a huge bouquet of beautiful flowers, which *on the instant* filled the room with delicious perfume.

Then Mister Froggy, leaving the bouquet and the fiddle upon the window-sill, took the

lantern and climbed slowly and carefully, by the aid of a chair, onto the floor. Here he paused to get his breath, for he was puffing away like an asthmatic, little, old man.

“Cracky! cracky!” Elsie heard him muttering. “It’s very late, and we should have been on our way long ago.” He held the lantern up before him and approached Elsie’s bed.

It really was all very peculiar, and Elsie wondered why she wasn’t frightened; but she really wasn’t, not in the least.

She never could understand exactly how it came about, but, nevertheless, a moment later Elsie stood at the open window, while Froggy, climbing upon the window-sill, untied the beautiful bouquet of flowers he had brought, and of a sudden he dashed them right in Elsie’s face.

Elsie tried to cry, and became furious because she couldn’t. “You horrid, ugly, bad, naughty Froggy!” she said, and just then it occurred to her that she had on nothing but her thin, little nightdress.

Her impulse was to run back to bed, and to call Mama, and to hide under the covers until Mama came to her. She was going to do this, when she became suddenly, greatly amazed. In the first place, the flowers which Froggy had thrown at her, had fallen down upon her little nightdress in such a manner that they com-



“ Now do hurry, my dear.”

pletely covered it, thus making for her, apparently, a dress of flowers. In the second place, Elsie found herself no longer in her room, but being hurried down a long flight of steps which shone pale-green in the moonlight. The steps led from Elsie's window down into the garden. While Elsie was wondering how they came there (for she knew they had not been there before), Froggy, who had tight hold of her hand, said: "Now do hurry, my dear; we are very late as it is, and you *are* such a slow poke."

"Why, I'm not at all, you horrid thing—," began Elsie; but just then they had reached the foot of the staircase, and the Froggy whistled, whereupon a rustle was heard in the asparagus bed near-by, and, a moment later, out from among the asparagus came trooping a lot of frogs.

They all wore scarlet coats and green trousers, and each frog carried a pretty lantern made of isinglass, and filled with fire-flies whose flashing twinkle was the light. Elsie noticed that, in addition to the lantern, each frog carried a long spear of grass. Froggy, her guide, told her that these were the Prince's guard which had been sent to accompany Elsie to the ball.

"What ball?" Elsie asked.

"Oh, you are such a stupid!" Froggy replied impatiently, and that was all he said.

Elsie thought her guide impertinent, and she became sulky. "I won't go with you!" she said, and she turned to go up the steps and back to her room. But, to her surprise and disappointment, the steps had disappeared, and so had the house, and she was now standing irresolutely in a field of waving wheat. About her thronged the froggy guard in their scarlet and green uniforms.

After all, it was great fun, and Elsie thought of what lots she would have to tell Mama in the morning, when she got home.

But then she thought how terribly frightened Mama would be when she came up-stairs and found her little daughter gone; and Elsie would have cried then and there had she not suddenly tripped and fallen.

Elsie grew frightened, for she seemed to have fallen into a bottomless hole. Down, down, down she went, and she held her breath in fearful expectancy of what she knew not. Oh, how dizzy she was, when—bang! What was that? Where was she?

"Cracky! cracky!" said a voice near-by. "The elevator doesn't run well to-night!" It was Froggy, the guide, who spoke, and Elsie found him standing close beside her. "You're not at all sociable," said the frog, in an injured voice.

"Where are we, and what do you mean by



The Prince's Guard.

elevator?" cried Elsie. "I don't see that we're in any elevator."

"Cracky! cracky!" grunted Mister Froggy. "How stupid you are! We're in the fairy elevator, and of course you don't expect to see the *fairy elevator*, do you?" Froggy continued: "Your name's Elsie Lee. My name is Froggy the Fiddler. Thought we might as well know each other. Don't you ever talk?" he continued; but without giving Elsie time to answer, he said: "Well, here we are at the ball grounds."

A muffled voice called from somewhere: "Ball grounds! Three strikes, out!"

"Three out! Side out!" called Mister Froggy, and with that Elsie fell head over heels, and as she slowly picked herself up, resolved to be surprised at nothing thereafter, she found she was in Uncle Tom's woods. Furthermore, she was standing at the edge of the woodland stream. Above the stars twinkled merrily in the inky-black heavens, and the big, round moon shone with pale, sleepy lustre.

Now, this was a spectacle at which Elsie looked but for an instant. On the surface of the stream, where the lily pads grew, and where the moon's pale rays illumined with a silvery light, were gliding, hither and thither, tiny boats. As Elsie gazed in wondrous interest, Froggy the

Fiddler (whom Elsie had for the moment forgotten) hailed one of these crafts.

"I am very late as it is," he said apologetically to Elsie; "but," he continued huskily, "you don't seem to appreciate my company, for you never notice me unless I *talk* to you." With this he took from his pocket a huge, red handkerchief, and, dropping two tears upon it, he folded the handkerchief with care and precision, and handed it to Elsie. "Keep this," he said in a sentimental voice and midst sniffles and croaks—which Elsie was sure were froggy sobs—"keep this as a token of love from Froggy the Fiddler."

It was all so funny that Elsie couldn't help laughing.

Froggy the Fiddler, meanwhile, proceeded to the brink of the stream and there, tucking up his trousers in a manner which gave him a very droll appearance, he waded out into the water to meet the little boat which was coming for him.

"Stop there; can't you see a fellow!" he cried impatiently, and the boat stopped while Froggy the Fiddler clambered in. Away went the boat towards the lily pads, and Elsie now discovered that in each of the boats, which glided silently hither and thither, sat a frog attired in a full-dress suit.

The boats all stopped at the lily pads, and



"Stop there; can't you see a fellow!"

in every case a frog stepped forth and took up his position on one of them. Ere long the frogs had all arrived, and they formed a complete semicircle upon their respective lily pads about Froggy the Fiddler, whom it now became apparent was the leader of the froggy orchestra. And now a noise arose in the forest: it sounded like the hammering of many woodpeckers.

Elsie turned around. Though it was very dark under the trees, she descried little old men skipping about; they stopped in front of every tree, and knocked: whereupon a door flew open, and there stepped forth a beautiful little fairy. Every fairy had a pair of tiny, silver wings.

Soon the woods were filled with fairies and little, old men. Elsie remembered the little old men were called gnomes. She observed, furthermore, that she was standing in the midst of a broad, mossy clearing; it was here the fairies were about to assemble, for already they formed groups beneath the deep shadow of the trees bordering the mossy expanse.

The fairies must have expected Elsie, for when they discovered her they manifested no surprise; but, on the contrary, they came running forward to greet her.

Elsie was delighted, for the fairies were all so pretty, and the gnomes seemed such jolly, little, old fellows, as they came running forward

to make their bows to Elsie. After silently bowing, the little people would run back to the edge of the clearing again—the time had evidently not yet arrived for the commencing of the ball.

The gnomes were dressed in red, yellow or gray suits, and upon their heads were tall, white “dunce caps.” The fairies’ dresses were made of interwoven flowers. Every fairy had long, golden hair, which fell in unconfined clusters about her neck and shoulders.

The golden hair contrasted prettily with the silver wings. Each fairy wore a cap made of a poppy, placed upside-down upon her dainty head.

Elsie noticed then that she, too, was attired like the fairies, in that her dress was, to all appearance, made of flowers. Just then a distant twinkling of lights drew Elsie’s attention to the forest depths. As she looked, the twinkling increased and drew nearer, and Elsie soon discovered that it came from the lanterns of the froggy body-guard.

The latter came trooping out of the woods, and in their midst was the prettiest, daintiest, little frog that ever hopped. He was dressed in a suit of silver sheen which was bespangled with sparkling emeralds. As he stepped out into the mossy clearing the fairies and gnomes



"Hail to Froggy the Prince!"

all greeted him with the cry: "Froggy the Prince! Hail to Froggy the Prince!"

After a little bow of acknowledgment to his welcomers, Froggy turned to his body-guard.

"Light the ball grounds!" he said in a gruff, military voice of command. And the guards distributed themselves immediately about the clearing.

Fastening their twinkling lanterns to the blunt ends of their grass spears, they placed the pointed ends into the ground.

Froggy the Prince approached Elsie, and addressed her in a brief but courtly speech. It contained a welcome to the ball, and grateful thanks for having accepted his invitation thither through his confidential messenger, Froggy the Fiddler. Before Elsie had time to say anything in reply to this speech (which was in the nature of a surprise to her) the ball began. Sweet strains of music came from the froggy orchestra in the stream, and Elsie descried Froggy the Fiddler waving and gesticulating, as he beat the time for his musicians.

Out over the green moss, which lay like a velvet carpet upon the clearing—so soft was it—glided the gnomes and the fairies. They danced waltzes, gallops, the "Virginia Reel" and the "Minuet." And then Froggy the Prince hopped

the "Sailor's Hornpipe," to the great delight of all present.

Six milk-white turkey gobblers in silver harness came strutting up to Elsie; they were harnessed, pair ahead of pair, to a silver chariot.

A bull-frog, dressed in dark-green livery, sat on the coachman's box of the chariot. He handled the reins in true professional style.

This was Froggy the Prince's "turn-out," for he hopped up to Elsie, and invited her to step inside and proceed thus to the palace with him. There, he said, his old fairy godmother awaited their coming, to join them in holy wedlock.

"But I can't marry you," protested Elsie, becoming frightened. "You're very nice, I know, but then you're only a frog, and I'm a—a—a person!"

At this Froggy the Prince became greatly disturbed and alarmed. He groveled at Elsie's feet and grunted forth his grief, beseeching Elsie to marry him. Uncanny noises arose in the forest. A passing cloud in the heavens covered the face of the moon; foul bats swooped down into the clearing, and flew against the lanterns of the body-guard who, armed with their grass spears, fought bravely, but with little avail, against their winged assailants.

The fairies cried with terror that it was "the Hop-toad King and his band that had come for



Froggy the Fiddler waved and gesticulated as he beat the time.

little Elsie." The wildest excitement prevailed. Froggy the Prince turned to Elsie for one brief moment.

"The Hop-toad King has heard that you will not marry me," he hurriedly and sorrowfully whispered. "His messengers, the bats, have told him; and he is coming, with his toads and imps, to take you for himself. I have always watched you when you played by the forest stream and I have loved you, yes, *loved you always*. You almost trod upon me yesterday when you chased me into the stream; I barely managed to dodge the stone which your Uncle Tom threw after me: but I love you. Yes, and the Hop-toad King loves you too," he continued in great excitement. "He too has watched you as you played, and now that you have refused me, he has come for you himself. But I shall fight him to the death!" So saying, Froggy the Prince turned and disappeared in the darkness, which now hung thickly everywhere. Elsie could hear him calling to his guard, and encouraging them in their efforts to beat off the bats.

The fairies and gnomes ran hither and thither in blind terror, for in their midst there suddenly appeared little red imps. The imps had horns on their heads; they had also cloven feet and long, curly tails. In their scrawny hands they

carried pronged forks, with which they jabbed at the terror-stricken fairies.

Elsie was horrified. The gnomes fought bravely with the imps, but the horned enemy seemed more than a match for the little, old men. The bats continued to fly at the lanterns of the guard; they (the bats) broke the lanterns, devoured the fire-flies, and threw the clearing into total darkness—for the *moon* was hidden behind clouds. At last the moon did shine again, and then—what a sight was Elsie's!

Great spotted toads were trooping out from the woods on all sides of the clearing. As they hopped forward their ugly forms looked distorted in the uncertain moonlight.

The froggy guard hopped at the toads and fought them valiantly. It was a desperate struggle. The frogs prodded the toads with their sharp, grass spears, and the toads, rolling their bloodshot eyes and looking hideous, pressed hard upon the frogs.

Many froggies were thrown upon their backs, and then the toads sprang on them and tore their scarlet and green uniforms to shreds—the while rubbing over them their filthy warts. The scene grew more and more horrible.

Elsie felt a clammy something touch her hand, and heard a rasping voice address her. She turned. A monstrous toad confronted her.

It was speckled and slimy, and had tall, waving, fleshy horns.

"I am the Hop-toad King!" it said, and Elsie noticed that it wore a big tin crown on its filthy head. "Kiss me, for you are mine," continued the toad-monster and, with a repulsive grin on its horrible features, it pressed its face close to Elsie's. The little girl closed her eyes; she grew cold and rigid in her terror. What passed during the next few moments she never knew; her senses left her for the time.

When she opened her eyes again a terrific combat was taking place directly before her. Froggy the Prince had come to Elsie's rescue, and at that moment he was closed in deadly embrace with the Hop-toad King.

Over and over they rolled—first one on top, then the other; and they gnawed and clawed at each other in a manner that was most horrible to see.

Froggy the Prince was tiny compared with the size of the toad-monster. But then Froggy was lithe and quick, and the toad was fat, puffy and unwieldly. There was a certain fascination in witnessing this curious, though bloodthirsty conflict between the rival champions. Elsie stood stock-still, as though glued to the spot, with her eyes fixed in a glassy stare upon the fighters. When she heard a small voice near-by

say: "Cracky! cracky!" she jumped as though she had been shot. Froggy the Fiddler stood beside her.

"It's time to be off!" Froggy the Fiddler said in the most unconcerned tone imaginable. He was dripping wet from head to toe. "I jumped into the water and swam for shore, when I saw a rumpus was up," he said by way of explanation. From his vest pocket he drew forth a tiny watch which he consulted. "It's a Waterbury watch, so the water doesn't hurt it," he remarked.

After this everything grew hazy. Elsie could never explain it—everything happened peculiarly when Froggy the Fiddler was about—but she felt herself going up through the air suddenly like a balloon. Up, up, up she rose through a pitch-black darkness. She resolved to be surprised at *nothing* thereafter which took place when Froggy the Fiddler was around. Of a sudden Elsie realized that she had come out of the darkness, and was now hovering, like a butterfly, over a field of waving wheat.

It was the same field through which Elsie had passed with the froggy guard earlier in the evening, and before she had gone to the "ball grounds" in the fairy elevator.

What was more, Elsie was hovering directly



A terrific combat was taking place.

above a big, black hole in the ground. She felt sure this was the entrance to the fairy elevator.

“Cracky! cracky!” came to her ears from among the wheat, below her. “Call the sign of the frogs or you’ll drop down into the elevator again, before you know it!” shrieked the voice of Froggy the Fiddler.

Elsie grew frightened. She didn’t want to go back to the terrible battle-field. “What is the sign of the frogs?” she called, as she balanced herself helplessly in mid-air.

“Umpy dumpy didley dee, of course, you stupid!” called back Froggy, just as if Elsie ought to have known without asking.

It was no time to bandy words with a bandy-legged frog; Elsie realized this. In a mechanical, poll-parrot fashion she repeated, as Froggy said it, “Umpy dumpy didley dee”—immediately she dropped to the ground.

Elsie and Froggy the Fiddler now hastened away, hand-in-hand, through the wheat. The fresh dew hung heavy, and sparkled like clusters of diamonds upon the countless blades swaying in the moonlight to a gentle breeze.

As Elsie and Froggy passed beneath a great oak tree, which stood near the centre of the field, a voice called to them. It was the voice of the wise, old owl of the wheat field, Froggy said. Elsie and Froggy stopped to listen. Peering

up among the green, black and silver-tinted branches, Elsie saw a large owl. His big round eyes looked wisely down at her.

"Listen to what he says," whispered Froggy, "for he is the judge, chief counselor, prophet and sage of the forests and streams. We all come to him for knowledge and advice."

Elsie listened in awed silence to the venerable voice of the wise, old owl of the wheat field. In a low, mournful tone, the owl chanted this song to Elsie and Froggy the Fiddler:

Lovers three has Elsie Lee,
For she is the queen of beauty;
Froggy the Fiddler, of Fiddle de dee,
Is the one who does his duty.

For he loves Elsie most of all,
Yet least of all he shows it;
The Hop-toad King is great and tall,
But rough, and Elsie knows it.

Froggy the Prince is a pretty beast,
And like Elsie created by Heaven;
But Froggy and Elsie can't love in the least:
For beasts can't marry women.

So you are right, and I am right,
And we all are right, together;
Run home, Elsie; don't stay in the night—
For the *day* is people's weather.

The owl concluded his song with a long, doleful hoot, and then, without further ado, he spread his wings and flew off through the night.



"Listen to what he says," whispered Froggy the Fiddler.

And now Elsie's astonishment was great, for she found herself running "for dear life." Whither she was going she knew not. She became all out of breath. She tried her very best to stop, but the harder she *tried to stop*, the faster she *ran*.

The moon was gone, and the night was fading into the gray of early dawn.

Of a sudden Elsie found herself at home in her garden. Some grasshoppers were sitting on the fence near-by, and they all waved to Elsie.

"Cracky! cracky!" said a familiar voice.

"Hurry up or you'll be late for breakfast," called another voice from the far distance. *That* voice sounded very much like Mama's.

Elsie found herself plunging up the flight of green stairs that led to her room.

A moment later she seemed to be climbing into her little bed.

Gracious, how cold it was! Elsie instinctively pulled the covers about her. Then she peeped over the covers at the foot of the bed. There sat Froggy the Fiddler with his long legs crossed tailor-fashion. He looked at Elsie in a sad, beseeching way, and seemed trying to say something to her. Elsie sat bolt upright in bed.

"What is it, Froggy dear?" she murmured. Mama's voice sounded close beside her:

"What in the world can the child be talking about?"

Elsie rubbed her eyes. Why they were shut! She opened them, and what was her surprise to see Mama standing beside her. Elsie glanced quickly at the foot of the bed. Froggy the Fiddler had vanished.

"What has my little girl been dreaming about?" said Mama, smiling, and kissing the wondering face of her Elsie.

Elsie gave a little laugh. It was evident that Mama knew nothing as yet of the lark she had been on. Elsie therewith told Mama all about it.

Mama only smiled and said, "What a very pretty dream my little daughter has had?"

But Elsie scoffed at the idea that she had been dreaming. Indeed it made her angry even to *think* that what she had seen had not all really happened. Elsie felt certain she had spent the night among the fairies and the froggies, and she, herself, ought to *know*.

It was Sunday morning; Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary came over early to spend the day. After lunch Elsie insisted upon Uncle Tom's taking her down to his woods again. She told Uncle Tom all about her funny adventures with the frogs and the fairies. Uncle Tom listened attentively.



“What a very pretty dream my little daughter has had.”

They found the wheat field again, and in it the tree wherein the old owl had sung his song; and oh, there sat the owl! Elsie clapped her hands with delight. She began jabbering away to the owl to the great amusement of Uncle Tom. But the bird, ruffling its feathers, blinked stupidly and made no response, and Elsie finally became impatient. She stamped her little foot, and then turned to Uncle Tom. A look of bitter disappointment was on her face. "He won't talk in daytime," she said. "And he doesn't know me, for owls only see at night."

Uncle Tom then took Elsie down to the forest stream. As they stepped to the water's edge they startled several froggies.

These were just plain, everyday froggies, and they hopped off into the water without further ado.

"Now Elsie, dear," said Uncle Tom, "can't you see it was all a dream last night?"

But Elsie shook her head. "No," she said, "it was not a dream, for I was here, and I remember it. The froggies and the fairies only come out to play *at night* when everyone's asleep."

Uncle Tom could not help smiling, for Elsie was so serious. "Won't you take me with you the next time you come out to see the froggies play at night?" Uncle Tom asked.

Elsie said: "May-be; that is if Froggy the Fiddler will take you. I think he would rather take me alone though."

Then Elsie sighed and continued aloud, though apparently to herself: "I *would* like to know how dear little Froggy the Prince is, and whether that horrid big Hop-toad King hurt him last night, in that terrible fight."

The result of the froggy and hop-toad battle will be known to those who read "*The Second Froggy Fairy Book.*"



THE MADEIRA ISLANDS

BY

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"The handsome little volume entitled the 'The Madeira Islands,' written by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, and dedicated to the memory of his grandfather, Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, contains a fund of valuable information about a portion of the world of which the general public possess none too much knowledge. Its more than one hundred pages are replete with information regarding the history and geographical position of the islands, the racial characteristics, customs and usages of the inhabitants, and the religious traits and business capacity of a people of which the average American knows but little. Mr. Biddle's book is well illustrated, and the maps which accompany it are exceedingly interesting."—*The Globe, Boston, Mass., August 24, 1896.*

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"'The Madeira Islands' is the latest product of the pen of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, author of 'A Dual Role and Other Stories.' . . . All the touching legends and quaint customs of the natives are set forth. Coupled with the excellent description is a chapter of practical information for tourists. It is the first work written on the islands by an American. Its production involved much careful research."—*The Pittsburg Leader, August 8, 1896.*

"A very interesting book entitled 'The Madeira Islands' has been written by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. It contains a clear history and description of these pleasant islands, and is said to be the first work that has been written on the subject by an American. . . . There are twenty-seven full-page illustrations in Mr. Biddle's book, in addition to maps of Funchal and the Islands of Madeira. As for the text, suffice it to say that the author tells all that is worth knowing about the islands. He has evidently studied them and their history thoroughly, going back to the time when they were discovered and settled, and telling us how they have fared from that time until now. Of life in the islands at present he draws a graphic and interesting picture, and altogether his book can be recommended, not only to historical students and to those who may intend to visit the Madeiras, but also to those who, though unable for various reasons to spend much time in traveling, are yet always eager to obtain new information about foreign and little-known countries."—*The New York Herald, August 8, 1896.*

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"It is the only complete descriptive and historical account of these picturesque little Portuguese possessions of which we have knowledge."—*The Philadelphia Press, August 15, 1896.*

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"'The Madeira Islands,' by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, is one of the latest works of the bright ex-Philadelphia reporter, who has already made good his claim to attention in the literary world."—*The Evening Star, Philadelphia, October 16, 1896.*

"We have received an advance copy of 'The Madeira Islands,' by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle from the enterprising publishers, who announce that the book is in press, and will soon be issued. The author is a citizen of Philadelphia, and well-known and favorably esteemed in social and literary circles. The forthcoming book may be regarded as the most ambitious of Mr. Biddle's efforts, and in essential respects it is unique, conferring new lustre and adding to his reputation of a man of letters. The book embraces eight papers, the first appropriately being devoted to the early history of Madeira, and a geographical description of the islands. The author succeeds in his new role of historian, and rightly assumes that to fully enlist the attention of the reader and traveler, the history and geography must precede all merely descriptive writing. . . . He has succeeded in giving us a book of travels, and all that constitutes value in a guide-book. The interesting work contains two excellent maps and twenty-seven fine illustrations, giving a vivid picture of the islands, and their people and scenery. The relations of Madeira with the outlying world are the subject of the 'Fourth Paper,' and much that is new and entertaining is given with a literalness that makes a vivid impression. The manners and customs of the people are described in the 'Fifth Paper,' together with the amusements, the feast days, holidays and quaint customs. The 'Sixth Paper' is the journal of a traveler who is a close observer, and knows how to be minute without becoming tiresome. The 'Seventh Paper' is statistical, and the last paper is full of information that every visitor to the islands will find valuable. Mr. Biddle's book begets a desire to visit the islands and see with one's own eyes what he has so graphically described; but whether the reader can go or not, he will be richly repaid for the reading of one of the choicest books of the year."—*The North American, Philadelphia, August 24, 1896.*

"Mr. Biddle is herein shown in a different literary vein from that with which he has so far been associated. He has produced fiction, essays, a book on athletics, etc., and his account of Madeira further shows his versatility as a writer. . . . The pictures in Mr. Biddle's book are numerous, and they are of unequal merit."—*The Evening Telegraph, Philadelphia, August 22, 1896.*

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"'The Madeira Islands.' This book is made up of a series of papers, Nos. 1 to 8. The first of these is historical, exploratory and geographical, and narrative, and cost the author years of study and research, in which the author consulted the most obscure and ancient documents, besides many of the books on Madeira. The other papers are explanatory of the present condition of the island, the occupations and customs of the people, the foreign settlers and their influence, and so on. Among other curious things, the author notes a widespread belief among the natives that the United States wants to acquire their island, and may go to war with Portugal to get it, and further, that the islanders are fervently hoping that all this may be done, as they long to become citizens of the great Republic. The book is handsomely printed and copiously illustrated."—*The Tribune, Salt Lake City, Utah, August 11, 1896.*

"This is the first work which has been written upon 'The Madeira Islands' by an American, and the first illustrated work of the Madeiras which has ever been published. In its compilation Mr. Biddle has left no stone unturned in searching out the truths of Madeiran and of Portuguese history. The book is the result of many years of constant study and research."—*The Denver Republican, August 16, 1896.*

" This is a neatly printed, handsomely illustrated volume—made up of eight papers—the history, past and present of the Madeira Island A series of talks about the island and its interesting people, such as intelligent readers will all appreciate. He not only introduces us to the ideas of hills and rivers, and plains, and cities, but he gives beautiful, terse descriptions of the simple, honest people. The reader will be astonished to learn that the admiration for Americans is great in Madeira. We infer from Mr. Biddle the Madeirans have anything but a great love for the power that rules them. The book is gossipy, pleasant reading, and abounding in facts of value to remember."—*The Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.*

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"Mr. Biddle's volume has few pages, but there is much information in it, and it is given in direct and simple manner. Moreover, the volume has nearly forty illustrations and maps. Madeira has not been the subject of many books. The islands do not offer a great subject for any one; they are small and unimportant; two of the four are uninhabited, and, except for the wine they produce, the entire group would be of slight interest to the outside world.

But the land is picturesque, the people are curiously primitive and slow, and the traveler may well spend some little time there among interesting scenes. Madeira has not yet reached even to the development Rome reached in the matter of wheeled vehicles; the people have not risen to the two-wheeled cart which marked the Roman limit. They employ as a conveyance a sort of sledge, an affair with runners, and in order to facilitate the hauling of it on the streets they grease the pavements. The people appear to have positive aversion to wheels. In vain have the English endeavored to introduce the wheelbarrow among them. They will have none of it.

There prevails in Madeira a faith that the fate of the islands is annexation to the United States. Many citizens fully believe that 'Uncle Sam is but awaiting a favorable opportunity to stretch forth his hand to the Madeirans, and lift them from under the monarchical Portuguese yoke.' This faith seems to be natural—at least excusable—when we know how ignorant are the people of Madeira. We read that a son of a wealthy merchant of Madeira asked Mr. Biddle if our civil war had yet come to a close. Again, at a dinner party, a young lady remarked to him that President Washington 'must be a very popular old gentleman.' Mr. Biddle informed her that Washington had been dead many years, whereupon she replied: 'I am so sorry at this news. It is so sudden to me, for it is the first time I have heard of it.'—*The New York Times, August 16, 1896.*

"A new edition of 'The Madeira Islands,' by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, will be shortly issued."—*The Evening Item, Philadelphia, October 19, 1896.*

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